Poeta Infamis:

Or, a

Poet not worth Hanging.

Being

A DIALOGUE,

Between

Lysander Valentine, and *Poet Pricket*.

With a Letter to the Author of the *Marriage-Hater matched*, Written by his Friend.

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua Carmina Mævi

Martial.

Difficile est Satyram non scribere nam quis iniquæ,
Tam patiens Urbis tam ferreus ut teneat se.

Juvenal.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. C.* and are to be sold by *R. Baldwin*, at the *Oxford Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane*, 1692.

To the always disingenuous *Tom Pricket*, Author of The *Marriage-Hater match'd.*

I Am sensible the World esteems thy trifling Labours, according to their Merit; for should a Man judge, with all the partiality imaginable, I doubt not but he would find faults equal to his severe Censure: I must confess I have read thy Play, but now 'tis with as much regret, as if I were to go five Miles to hear a Fanatick Preach. I (as all other Men commonly do) began at the beginning, I read over thy Epistle, and Mr. G---n's; *tho, by the way, I must let the World know, thou wert the real Genuine Author, tho Mr.* G---n *fathers it: I must needs say you were a fit Person to write an* Encomium *of your own Ingenuity, for if thou hast any, 'tis sure best known to thy self; but the Devil a word did I ever hear uttered by thee, that had the least glimpse of a Jest, or any other thing like Wit or Ingenuity; but always a Mass of dull heavy Nonsense, not at all diverting, but very extravagant; I was at first, when I read thy Quotation out of* Horace, *extremely pleased, and my Expectation glutted, with a desire of going on; for thus* Horace *says,*

Eu-

Eupolis, atque Cratinus Ariſtophaneſq; Poetæ
Atq; alii quorum Comedia priſca virorum eſt.
Si quis erat digni deſcribi, quod malus aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus, multa cum libertate notabant.

But at laſt my fancy was quite pall'd, and inſtead of a good Deſcription of Man, I met with a very ill one of two legg'd Brutes, Fops and Butterflies, beyond the extravagancies of Humane Thoughts: It makes one think now thou quoteſt only to be thought a Scholar; for Ime ſure thou haſt not followed Eupolis, Cratinus, *nor* Ariſtophanes, *in theſe words,* quorum Comedia priſca virorum eſt. *I remember the ſame quotation is at the Title Page of thy* Three Dukes of Dunſtable, (*a Play almoſt as good as thy* Marriage-Hater; *'tis true, thy Play is altogether ſurprizing, and very unnatural; the ſeveral neat turns of a Play, I confeſs do keep the Minds of the Audience employed with Expectation, Hope and Deſire, but I'm ſure they don't end in Satisfaction; but let the inſtructive part be never ſo good, the Language never ſo fine (tho thine is mere* Billings-gate *Diſcourſe, inſtead of Poetical Adornments in Converſation.) I muſt needs ſay, if the Action goes on without any Plot to divert us, we ſee through the whole at firſt ſight; in that Ime of your Mind, but thy Plot and Language gratifies none of our Paſſions, without which there can be no Pleaſure.*

By *what I have ſaid will appear that you ſet up like Mr.* Bays, *for a new way of writing, and deſpiſe the Ancients, think-*

thinking nothing witty, but what proceeds from your insensible Perecranium, I must confess, 'tis a base, and ill natur'd, as well as Ignorant Age, when the Vertues of a Play shall be arraigned as defects; but if the Vulgar had the understanding of those, of a more knowing capacity, they won'd not have given that Plaudit to thy Marriage-hater *as it had; but these (and several other) Defects, in thy Play, are owing to a weak understanding.*

I cannot accuse you of being a Plagiary, because the greatest, and best part of all thy Works are stolen; but I can never (with a safe Conscience) allow thee to be a Poet, whose Genius inclines rather to making Songs, than Theatrical Diversions; nay, I can never say thy Lyrick Part is without fault, but equally Nonsensical. In fine, thou art as Terence *says,* Plumbeus Homo, *and wilt never be esteemed, as thou alone thinkest thou deservest, but will still be thought the worst of Scriblers, as thou art by me,*

Charles G——n.

Poeta Infamis:

Or, a

Poet not worth Hanging.

Being

A DIALOGUE,

Between

Lyſander Valentine, and *Poet Pricket*.

Valentine and *Lyſander* meeting.

Val. MY dear *Lyſander*, beſt of Friends, and Partner in Iniquity, how glad am I to ſee thee in *London*; I thought thou hadſt been retired in the Country, and wouldſt never have come to *Sodom* more: What's the Cauſe, a Miſtreſs, hah?

Lyſ. No *Valentine*, I'm now come, with a full Reſolution to continue with thee; 'tis true, I lov'd the Country, till I found the difference in diſcourſing with the ingenious, and the dull ſtupid Country Blockheads, whoſe Converſation tends to nothing but Doggs, Horſes, and ſtumm'd Ale; I am ſenſible that a Man may live in this Town, as ſoberly, as in the Country; for all the old, godly, ſecret Sinners, of this Age, exclaim againſt it ſo much.

Val.

Val. Well; and ſhall I, once more, injoy the Society of my deareſt Friend? —— Faith, *Lyſander*, I have been almoſt wearied, out of my Life, with a company of Fops, worſe than Summer-flies, buzzing about ones Noſe, and far more troubleſome, for thoſe one may deſtroy, theſe not without damage to ones ſelf.

Lyſ. I have heard of theſe inſenſible Animals, and can but laugh at 'em; but prithee tell me, (for thou wert a conſtant Man at the Play-Houſe,) How go the Vizard-Maskes? At what Rates may one injoy, a little, pretty Dear, ſoft, charming Creature; a Guinny, and a Treat, will that ſuffice?

Val. A Guinny, and a Treat; why what an extravagant Fellow art thou, to talk of a Guinny, and a Treat, when half a Crown will do.

Lyſ. Why then the Market is fall'n it ſeems?

Val. 'Tis with Whores, as it is with other Callings; there's ſo many of 'em they can ſcarce live.

Lyſ. Ay, but then your Ladies who ſparkle it in the ſide Boxes,——

Val. Ay, They who are bound to bleſs God that he made ſome Fooles, tho they make 'em greater; Oh! what a Happineſs is it, for to ſee a young Amourous Coxcomb, lolling his Head in his Miſtreſſes Lap, talking fine things to her, but damn'd Intricate, and very Nonſenſical.

Lyſ. I muſt confeſs, *Valentine*, there are Charmes in Women that are irreſiſtable; to lye on her ſoft, ſnowy Breaſts, hah! Well, ſay what thou wilt, Women are delicious Creatures, that's certain; and if I muſt Sin, (as who from Sin is free,) let it be a Sin that brings Pleaſure with it; as for Swearing, 'tis an ill Habit, and one receives no Benefit from it; lying is rather worſe, but if it be ever Lawful, 'tis when a Womans Honour's in danger; for Drunkenneſs, 'tis dangerous, and then how ſick it makes one, and out of order, next Morning.

Val. And Whoring is worſe than all theſe; what Diſeaſes it brings upon one; waſts ones Body in this World, and ones Soul in the next: Let me tell you, while you lye melting in a Womans Arms, as you call it, your Money lyes melting in your Pocket, for 'tis like lighting the Candle at both ends; ——— but hold, ——— Who's this coming towards us, ——— hah, ——— by Heaven, 'tis *Poet-Pricket*: ——— Now, *Lyſander*, I'll ſhew thee ſome ſport.

Enter Poet-Pricket, *and his Man.*

Prithee do thee ſeem to applaud what ever he ſays, and preſer his Works before any other Poets.

Po. P. Jack, Have you been at the Play-houſe?

Jack. Yes Sir.

Po. P. And are all the Actors ready for the Rehearſal.

Jack.

Jack. All but Mrs. *B—ler*, ſhe is not well, and cannot come; but ſhe deſires you to give the Part to ſome body elſe, for ſhe expects to lie in within this Month, and that may be a hinderance to your Play.

Po. P. A pox of thoſe Actreſſes, they are ſo fruitful; —— but the truth is, a great belly'd-Woman, does not become the Stage,——well, Mrs. *Kn—t* ſhall.

Val. Hah, My dear Man of Wit, *Tom. Pricket*, prithee, how doſt thou do Man?

Po. P. Mr. *Valentine*, your moſt obedient humble Servant, — a Friend of yours this?

Lyſ. Yes, at your Service, Sir.

P. P. Your devoted Slave,——

Val. Where haſt thou been thus early, 'tis not Eight yet?

P. P. I have been meditating on a Lampoon, I am about Writing, 'tis to be a Satyr againſt Criticks, thoſe ſnarling Fellows, who have no more ſence, than ſo many Jack-Daws; beſides, they are a company of Cowardly Fools, for they dare not let one know of their Malice, before-hand, for fear I ſhould confront 'em; did I but know any one that ſhou'd Carp at my well accepted Labours, I wou'd make him a publick Example,—— by the Parliament.

Val. I know, *Tom*, thou haſt reaſon to be ſevere; for, I muſt needs ſay, they ſpeak very diſdainfully of thy Works; a Man of thy vivacity, quickneſs of Parts, and nimbleneſs of Apprehenſion, to be uſed ſo ſcurvily.

P. P. Will you believe me, Mr. *Valentine*, I have taken more pains to find out true Humour, then any Poet of 'em all; and for Plot, I'll leave you to Judge.

Val. Nay, who ever ſays thy Plays are not full of Plot, I'm ſure, are miſtaken; ——but prithee what makes the Town ſpeak ſo ill of thy *Marriage-hater matched*?

P. P. Why Faith, 'twas too full of Wit, Humour, and Plot; the Three beſt Ingredients of a Play.

Lyſ. Why, Sir, Was that your Play?

P. P. Sir, 'twas the Product of this Noddle.

Lyſ. Then I muſt confeſs your ingenuity; ——I believe there may be ſome Satyr in it too.

P. P. 'Gad, Sir, you are in the right, and da-damme, if I have not expos'd Madam *La Pupſey*, and her Lap-Dog, very well, I think: —— I heard ſhe was damnably nettled, but that's all one, —— then let the ſtricken Dear go weep, as *Hamlet* ſays; 'gad, that Humour of dreſſing the Dog in Maſquerade, was very ſurprizing, diverting, and new, and (tho I ſay it) a very good Humour.

Lyſ. Moſt admirable.

Val. Ay, but *Tom*, you know there was a Man ſome Years ago, who went about with dancing Dogs, they had Doublets too, did you not ſteal the Humour from him. —— Come, diſcover, I am thy Friend.——

P. P. Why, egad, I had a little hint of it, from him, I confeſs, but you muſt grant, I have improv'd it much.

Val. That thou haſt indeed *Tom*, ——— I hope you'll pardon my familiarity.

P. P. O dear Sir, your faithful———but then for *Van Grim*'s Part, that you muſt allow to be new; and faith, I have drawn the Copy, as like the Original, as a couple of Apples.

Val. That Part is good, for as the Rehearſal begins with a Whiſper, his Part begins with a Laughter; 'tis true, one's louder than the other, but for ſenſe they are equal; but remember, againſt next time, *nequid nimis.*

P. P. This is the crye of the Town, ——— People may ſay what they will; but (I vow to God) I took more pains, in writing that Part, then I ever had, in any three Parts, I ever writ; I ſware to you, I was ſeven days, one after another, ſucceſſively, to learn *Toney Leigh*, to Laugh, and I think there is a great deal of humour, and variety, in his laughing—— Faith Sir, I cali'd him *Van Grim*, becauſe of his laughing, I vow to God.

Val. I was thinking ſo.

P. P. A Pox of theſe *Laureats*, they are dull, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs Fellows, when once they come to be preſerr'd; let me tell you a ſecret, Mr. *Valentine*, the *quondam Laureate* is no better than the preſent *Laureate*, nor the preſent *Laureate* is no better than the *quondam Laureate* —— both mighty ſounding nothings, I vow to God.

Val. I perceive *Tom*, your railing at the *Laureates*, is like *David Jones*'s railing againſt Pluralities, only becauſe he is not burden'd with 'em himſelf.

P. P. No faith, thou miſtak'ſt me, but let that paſs; but what ſay you to my Lord *Brainleſs*'s Character, to you, I ſpeak Sir, [to *Lyſ.*

Lyſ. To me Sir, why I think 'tis an excellent Character.

P. P. Why, without vanity, I may ſay it is.

Val. But prithee *Tom*, learn to ſpeak modeſtly of thy own Works;—— but, I'll be ſworn, thou haſt a great many Enemies, and when a Man has no Friend, he ought to be one himſelf.

P. P. For Modeſty, none out-does me; but prithee tell me how thou likeſt that Part.

Val. I am your Friend, however, *Tom*, and am willing to applaud what-ever you write; but I'll tell you, what the Town thinks of it.

P. P. Prithee do, and let me ſee how ſome Block-heads will betray their Underſtandings.

Val.

Val. First then, they say that your Lord *Brainless*, as you call him, is partly, in imitation of Sir *Fopplin Flutter*; partly, Sir *Courtly Nice*, and several other Characters, but not comparable to any one of 'em; a neisey, impertinent, self-conceited, amorous, incipid Coxcomb; and that he utters as much sense, as the Author was able to furnish him with; in short, that he was more fit for the Conversation of a *La Pupsey*, then either of the Characters were for a Comedy.

Lyf. Pish, This is malice only.

P. P. Egad, and so it is, down right Malice; but hear me, was there no humour, and thought, in the Stockings, one Red, the other Yellow? Was not that pretty.

Val. No faith, *Tom*, I'm always a plain Dealer, especially to my Friend; had you advised with me, you should never have dressed him with party coloured Stockings, 'twas damn'd unnatural; *I* must confess, the vanities of our Fops, are very great, but *I* never knew any one so great a Fop, as to wear such Stockings; but, *I*'ll grant you, a *Madman* might have such a fancy ——— faith, they say, there's nothing new in all thy Play.

P. P. How, nothing new! *I* have drawn more new Characters in my Play, then have been drawn these seven Years, but if *I* had not, my Master *Terence*, would excuse me, *nullum est jam dictum quod*; *non dictum fuit prius*; if he could say so, so many years ago, *I* may well say so now.

Val. But don't you mistake that *Sentence*, it may be, *Terence* did not mean that *Sentence* as you do? intimating, that it was impossible to write any thing new; but what think you if it was because the Comedy was written originally in *Greek*, and translated by *Terence* into *Latin*, and therefore says *Nullum est jam dictum*, *&c.* because it had been acted before, tho in another Language.

P. P. Faith 'twill serve either way; —— but Sir, pray let me ask you one Question, [to *Lyf.*] for I find your Friend is a little prejudic'd to my Works, ——— How like you *Solon*, and *Bias*, and Sir *Lawrence Limber*, their Father?

Lyf. Extreamly, I think they are not to be match'd.

P. P. Why, I'm some thing of your mind, and I have been told as much before now; my modesty won't let me speak in my own behalf, but they are good Characters that's certain.

Val. Look you *Tom*, you are mightly beholding to *Dogget* for performing that part so well, but a *Harliquin*, with all his grimaces, and tricks of Activity, is full as well, and as acceptable. In fine, there's nothing but Nonsense in the Three Parts, *Solons* bad, *Bias* worse, and the Father worse than either; but one may be as long in expectation of Wit, in thy Play, as Sir *Lawrence*, and the rest of them were for *Van Grim*'s jest, and *I* dare Prophecy when it comes will be no better; ——— you never writ

a Part that would bear Reading, tho your Friend ſays, *hæc ſemel placuit, hæc bis repetita placebit*; but his Judgment is no better than thine, and therefore *I* ſhall not regard it: ——— *I* won't go to particularize your nonſenſical Expreſſions, but in general, theſe Three Parts are very ridiculous; beſides, thou haſt a notable way of ſtealing from thy ſelf; *Solon*, *Bias*, and Sir *Lawrence*, are ſomething like Captain *Tilbury*, and *Zekiel*, and *Toby*, in Madam *Fickle*; and ſomething like Sir *Roger Petulant*, and *Sneak*, in the *Fond Husband*; or the *Plotting Sifters*.——— You know too, *Tom.* you can make one ſorry Jeſt ſerve for two or three Plays, witneſs, the *Cold Tea*, in *Love for Money*; and again, in the *Marriage hater matched*, and ſeveral other very indifferent Quibbles (*I* ſhall omit naming) more fit for *Bartholomew Fair*, than the *Theatre*.

P. P. Now *I* ſee thou haſt the Spirit of Contradiction in thee; ——— *I* wiſh *I* could talk with you Sir, but *I* ſee your Friend is envious of my Parts [to *Lyſ.*

Lyſ. *I* ſware, he need not [*aſide*] Sir, I am ſorry to ſee it.

P. P. I am your Servant, dear Sir; ——— but now I'll put his Judgment in queſtion, with a Part or two, in my Play; I'll try him further, Mr. *Valentine*, pray tell me one thing, but one thing, I vow to Gad.

Val. That I will, if *I* can, What is it?

P. P. ———Why only how you like Sir *Philip Frewit*, Lady *Subtle*, and *Phebe*, *alias*, *Lovewell's* Characters, for there lies the whole body of the Plot.

Val. O, is that all, why thus, the Plot is new.

P. P. Why egad, ſo it is.

Val. But, how is it new, to that I anſwer, becauſe I never heard of any Man, who made over his Wife, and Eſtate, by Will, or Agreement, before, that was damn'd unnatural; beſides, that between *Van Grim*, and Sir *Philip*, under the name of Counceller Splutter, *I* don't like; *I* cannot think any one would ſend the writings, by any one, unleſs they knew the Lawyer; Widows are commonly more crafty; nay, ſhe knew, before that, Sir *Philip* was contriving to undermine her too, and therefore, I think, ſhould have been more cautious; but for Sir *Philip* to be cheated by *Phebe*, upon ſo ſlight an account, makes me wonder moſt, that any man ſhould let his Wench into his Cloſet, where the Writings, and Jewels (too Man's glittering damnation) were, when he had fall'n out with her juſt before, on her asking him to perform his Promiſe, in marrying her; nay, there is not an Expreſſion tollerable, in the whole, but thou haſt ſtolen out of ſome good Play; there are ſome that are thy own, I believe, or Mr. *G*——*n's*, but they are very bad ones, and not worth taking notice of.—One thing I'll ſay, the Actors performed their Parts better then you did yours be hall.

P. P.

P. P. Nay, Mr. *Valentine*, the Players are beholding to me, for the excellent Action, for I teach 'em, and, tho *I* say it, can Act as well as any of 'em all.

Val. Prithee, why doſt thou not turn Actor, thou mightſt ſupply the Stage, both ways, like a *Shakeſpear*, a *Batterton*, or a *Mountford*; I have heard thou delighteſt much in fine Clothes, there thou mightſt be furniſh'd with ſplendid Veſtiments, and pay nothing for 'em, and appear ſo gay, on the Stage, that happy's the Woman that looks and lives, as a Brother ſays.

P. P. Nay, now you are either in jeſt, or elſe you mean to affront me, Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. Moſt certainly, *I* mean one of 'em, do you take it which way you pleaſe tho.

P. P. I'll take it for granted, you jeſt only, and therefore ſhall trouble my ſelf no more about it.

Val. Faith, now *Tom.* *I* ſee thou art not exceptious, and thou begins to be a good honeſt Fellow, that is, as honeſt as any of thy Tribe are.

P. P. I hope you don't rank me amongſt a company of dull Thoughtleſs Idiots; Sir, let me tell you, *I* am above 'em,

Val. So thou art *Tom.* I now begin to be converted, and may be brought to believe thy Plays are good; —but when the Devil knows.——*aſide.*

P. P. Faith and troth, *I* am glad you are.

Val. Prithee let us know the reſt of the Characters in thy *Marriage-hater*, it may be thou mayſt convince me of my Errour.

P. P. The Parts that *I* have not ſpoken of, are Captain *Darewell*, and *Callow*, and *Berenice*, *Margery*, and my Lady *Bumfiddle*; but, before *I* ſpeak of them, give me leave to ask you how you like thoſe Verſes, when Sir *Philip* has got the Writings from *Van Grim*.

Concluſion of the II. *Act of the* Marriage-hater.

So here they are, and the great feat is done,
Eaſily now the Widow may be won;
For what's a Widow, when her Fortune's gone.

Ay, what indeed; I vow to Gad, was not that pretty, faith *I* have good thoughts——

For what's a Widow when her Fortunes gone.

Da damme, nothing at all; prithee, how doſt thou like it Man?

Val. That, *I* muſt confeſs, is very good ſence, and very witty; —— but *Tom.* now thou art talking of a Widow, what became of thy Bucksſome *Bona Roba*, I mean the Widow who lived at *Chiſwick*. whom you were ſo greatly enamoured of?

P. P. O, *I* remember who you mean, —*I* left her off, when *I* found her frailty, *I* was reſolv'd not to have her.

Val. I heard ſhe was reſolved not to have you; ſhe would not accept of your Viſits, becauſe you were a Poet, and conſequently an Atheiſt, tho *I* believe you had more occaſion for her Money than her Perſon.

P. P. Sir your Hiſtory is Erroneous, I can aſſure you, ſhe almoſt broke her Heart.

Val. What, for thy rugged Face; prithee give me leave to jeſt.

P. P. Ay, for my rugged Face, as you call it, there are Charms in this Countenance, and ſomething elſe too. —— *III. Act, in the beginning.* *Berenice* (in my laſt Play) ſays, She likes the honeſt blunt Dog, well enough; and if ſhe would let any one of the two-legg'd Bears rub their Briſſels on her Face, it ſhould be the blunt Captain, before any *Milkſop-Beau* of 'em all: —— Well, that *Berenice* is a parlous Quean, how ſhe jilts the poor Captain; and he (tho ſuch a bluſtring Man of War) is fain to lay down his Arms, when the God of love appears; but ſhe has reaſon, which I have fully expreſſed in theſe Verſes.

B. *The time of Wooing is a Womans own;*
But when ſhe's Married once, her time is gone.

Val. Faith *Tom.* you ſay true, when ſhe's Married once, her Wooing time is over; there you are once in the right; —— but I muſt needs ſay thoſe are ſilly Verſes, prithee let's hear them once more.

P. P. *The time of Wooing is a Womans own;*
But when ſhe's Marryed once, ——

Val. Hold *Tom.* then conſequently her time is gone, —— Is it not ſo.

P. P. Yes Sir, you have it.

Val. We are obliged to you for telling us that Secret.

P. P. Well, *I* ſee you will perſiſt in your ill Nature, and it is now almoſt impoſſible to reclaim you; but *I* think there is a great deal of humour and variety in Captain *Darewell*, and *Bereniece's* Characters; —— She's a briſk, freakiſh, humourous Creature, and tho ſhe's in love with the Captain, is always teazing him, and playing tricks with him; and he's an honeſt blunt Sea-Captain, true to his Countreys Intereſt, and the Government.

Val.

Val. That's more than thou art *Tom.* I believe; *I* wonder how a Man that has always been ſuch a Grand *Tory*, ſhould comply and turn *Whigg* at laſt; —— I never like Turne Coats.

P. P. Your Servant for that Sir; —— but *I* ſhan't mind it, *I* ſay thoſe Parts agree very well.

Val. *I* grant it, tho thy humours are whimſical, and odd enough, —— and ſo are thoſe [*aſide.*] My Lady *Bumfiddle* too is worth ones Obſervations.

P. P. There *I* have drawn a running Bawd to the Life, and yet cheated the Audience, to believe her almoſt honeſt.—— There's a hungry, toping, match-making-Bawd—*Lambeth Ale*—egad, ——— did you not mind that.

Val. Yes, yes, that *I* did, —but what a beaſtly Name haſt thou given her,—*Bumfiddle*, out upon't.

P. P. Why, you muſt know, *I* called her *Bumfiddle*, becauſe of her Obeſſity.

Val. *I* am convinc'd, *I* only ſay that theſe two Characters behind, *Callow* and *Margery*, are the very worſt in the Play, I'll allow all the reſt to be the beſt of Nonſence—*aſide.*

P. P. No faith, *I* don't think ſo neither, I'm ſure *I* drew *Callow* to the Life; ——— beſides, the Rot-me-Sparks were nettled, and ſo they may for *Tom.*

Val. Thou haſt made a good Actor appear like a Block-head, I mean *Bohen*, by giving him a Part no more fit for him, than *I* am to Act *Alexander* the Great.—And for thy little liſping Quean, ſhe Acts the Part, with a great deal of Impudence, and for ought I know was improved by my Lady *Bumfiddles* Documents, tho my Lady ſaid her inſtructions were in vain. You know *Callow* ſays to her, come my dear ſweet Creature, *I* muſt do't; and ſhe anſwers, What dye make all this buſtle for, why don't you then? —— I would adviſe thee to write no more Bawdy, unleſs you can wrap it up more cleanlily.

Lyſ. Faith Sir, my Friend has found out ſo many Faults, that are ſeemingly ſo, that *I* begin to be of his mind, and think you are no better than a Block-head; theſe Jeſts and Quibbles wou'd have pleaſed us Country Gent. well enough, but I ſee my Friend's ingenious.

P. P. Gad not ſo ingenious as you think for.

Val. Ha ha ha ha, poor *Tom.*

Lyſ. Ha ha ha ha.

P. P. Nay, nay, 'gad, laugh with Moderation, or I'm gone.

Val. Ha ha ha, a Poet, no a Scrivener, or a Scribler, but no Poet, and ſo, dear *Tom*, your Servant; let your next Play be better, or never expoſe it to the Criticks Cenſures. Come, dear Friend, let's leave the Poet to his Thoughts,

Thoughts, we may hinder the Production of some excellent witty Song, or Lampoon, for he's a great Enemy to the Criticks—— ha ha ha, farewel Ballad-Maker, there's thy Man too, get him a new Livery, and buy no more Diamond-Rings, but keep your Money when you have it,—— ha ha ha.

Lys. Ha ha ha ha, farewel Poetaster.

Val. Farewel *Tom.* ha ha. *Exeunt.*

P. P. Nay, since *I* am provok'd to it, farewel, you Brutes, and Enemies to Wit and Sense, nay, and all learning too.——*Jack*, put on my Cloak, I'll make hast to the Play-House, *I* fear *I* have stayed too long, prateing with these Buffoons; *I* am of a very petulant Spleen, and now they shall find what an ingenious Satyrist can do.——Come *Jack*, follow me.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

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